Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hande,
And the youth, miſtooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals bee!
Ob. Stand aſide. The noyſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Pu. Then will two, at once, wooe one:
That muſt needes be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe mee,
That befall prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander, *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould wooe in ſcorne?
Scorne, and deriſion, neuer come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuitie all truth appeares,
How can theſe things, in mee, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prooue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more,
When trueth killes truth, ô diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues not you.
Deme. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nymph, perfect diuine,
To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Chriſtall is muddy. O, how ripe, in ſhowe,
Thy lippes, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure conieal'd white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fand with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crowe,
When thou hold'ſt vp thy hand. O, let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt mee, for your merriment,
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne, in ſoules, to mocke mee too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhowe,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vowe, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure, you hate mee with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:
And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterpriſe,
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your deriſion None, of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a virgine, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſand. You are vnkinde, *Demetrius*: be not ſo,
For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I know.
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeelde you vp my part:
And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Deme. *Lyſander*, keepe thy *Hermia*: I will none.
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.